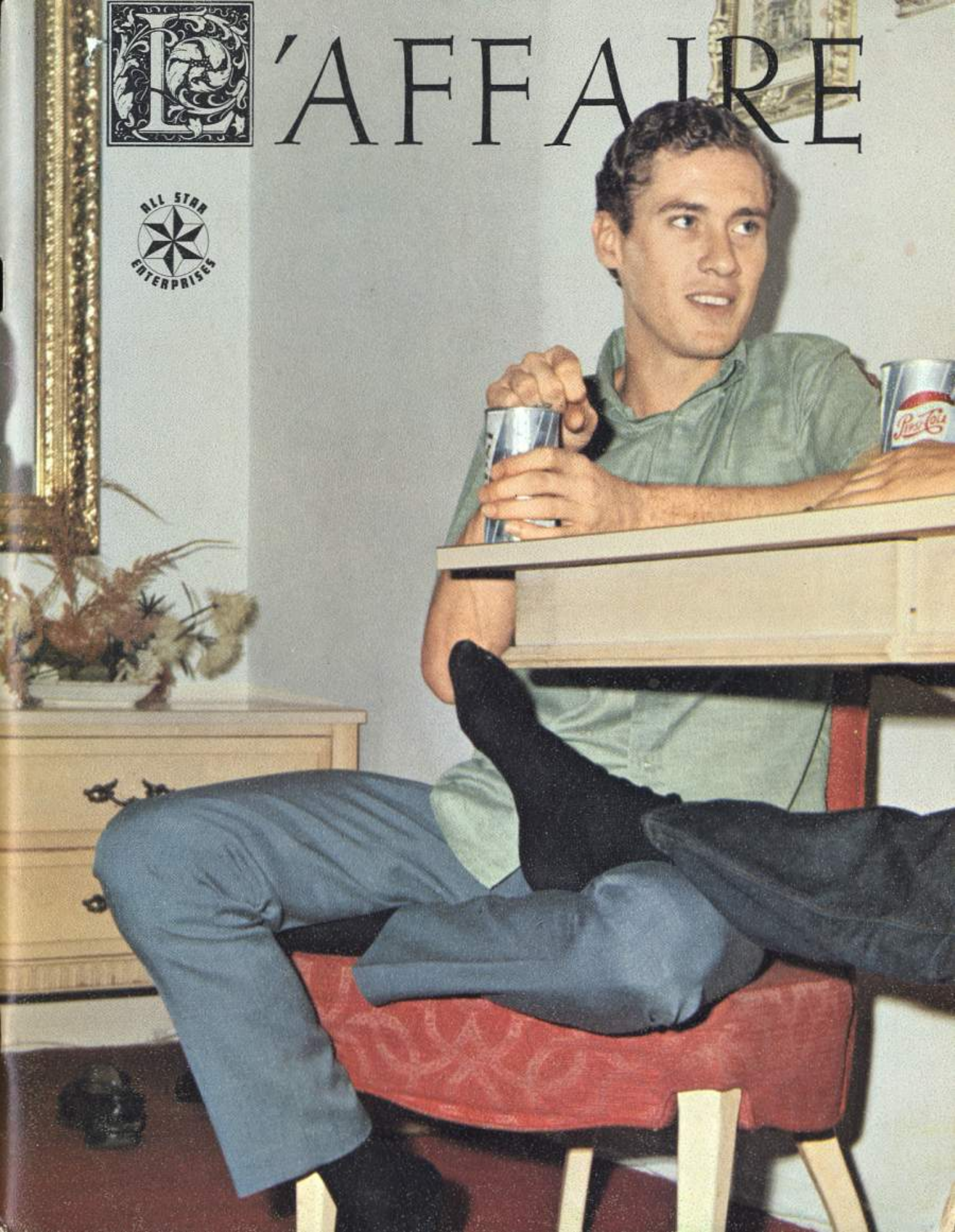
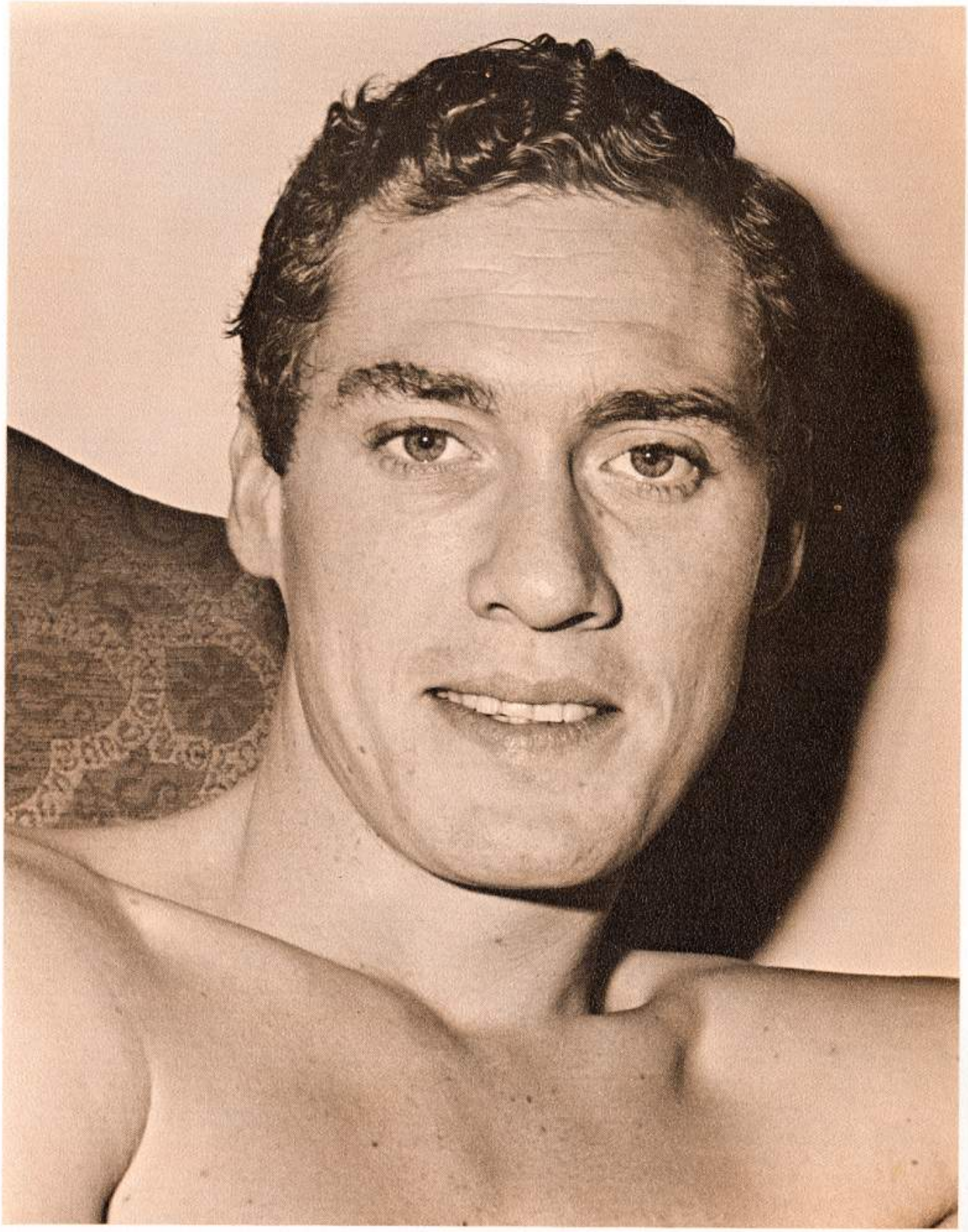
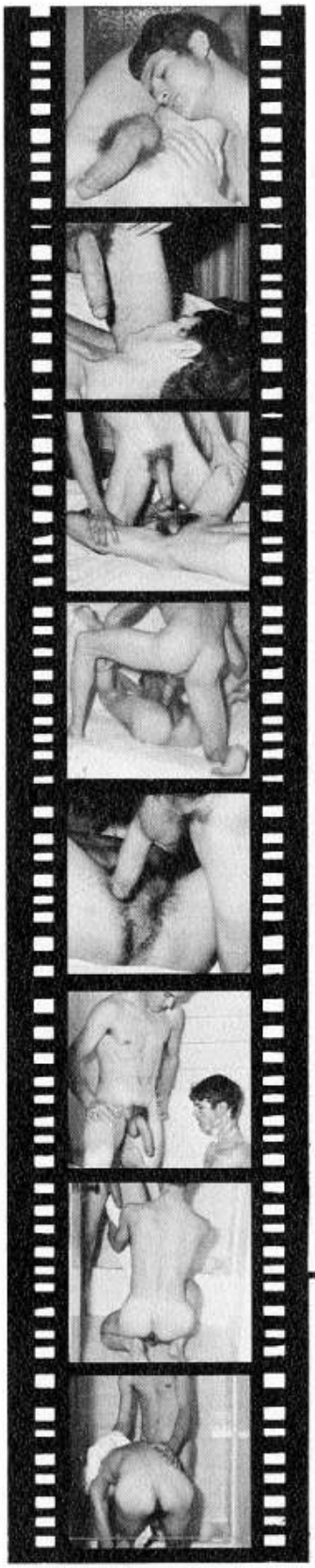
L'AFFAIRE







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L'AFFAIRE

A Complete Photo Study of Young Men in Love

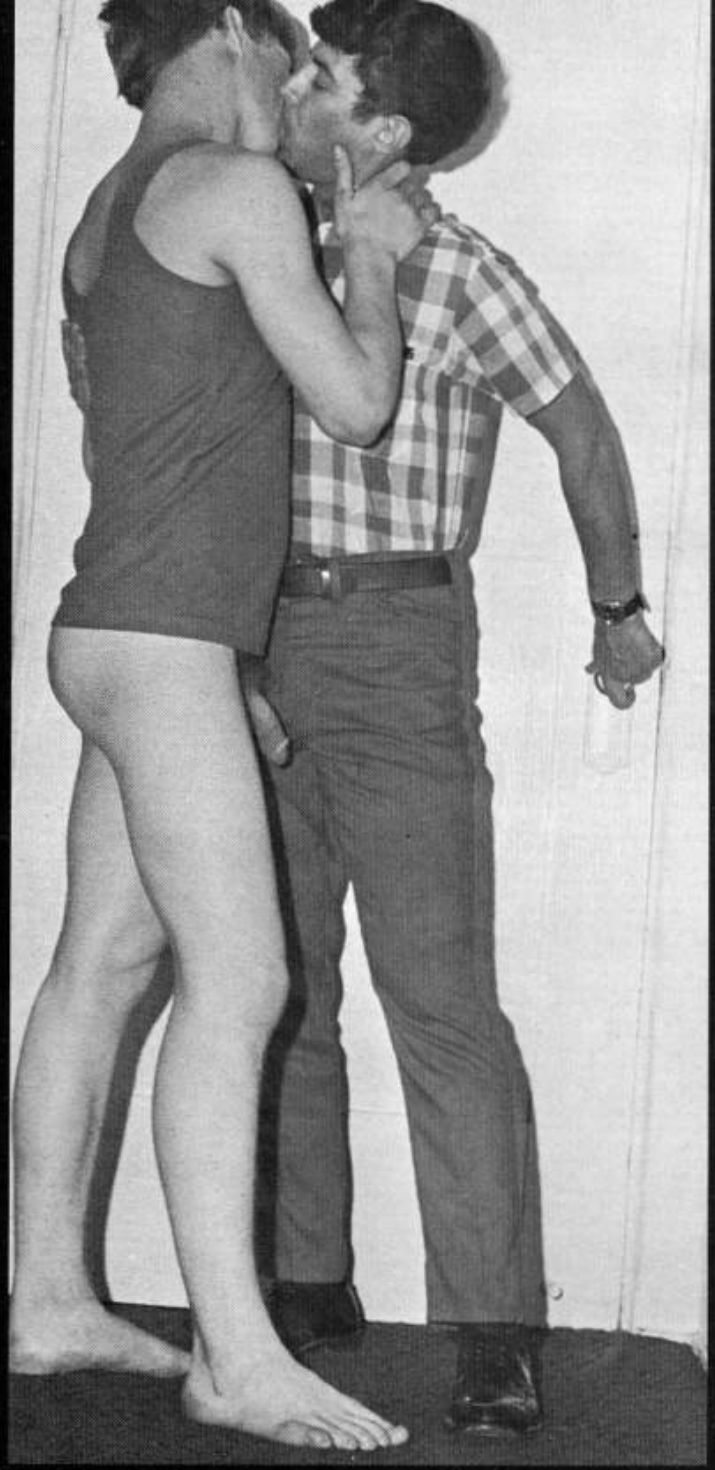
dobie and dirk

"What a dull, fuckin' day!" Dobie Traynor thought as he leaned against the sink in the kitchen of his apartment, nothing having gone right all day—so far. And Christ, he was hot! He hadn't had a good lay for over a week and he didn't feel like jacking off—such a waste of time when you compared it with being with some big-dicked stud . . .

He looked down the front of his beige walking shorts and noted the huge bulge with satisfaction. At least, he was certainly all there in the dick department! His joint had been an abnormal amount of pleasure to him in his short life—and he did *like to jack off—but today, he wished that some huge salamied prince would ride up in front of his apartment and dig the piece of poisoned apple from his mouth with his pointed tongue!*

All of his friends were tied up with lovers—why couldn't he find the same thing? He guessed that it was his own fault—he was so fucking particular! Not only did they have to be more than handsome—beautiful! But they also had to have a great body and a fabulous cock—that meant at least nine and a half inches—and

Evans



there weren't too many of those sized honkers around–unless they were hung on someone who looked like a dog's lunch! Why couldn't the beauties also have the fabulous pricks? The biggest ones he'd seen around for the last couple of years were hung on guys whose faces you wouldn't give a second thougth!

Perhaps, he had the right to be choosy, though–his first and only love had been the end! Gorgeous face, heavenly body–and the joint–Jesus Christ! The tool to end all tools! A good ten inches of uncircumcised, eight inch girthed tubing guaranteed to please–and had it ever!

Dobie had only been fifteen when Dick Magee had cruised him in the men's room in Exposition Park, over by the Shrine. It had been his first encounter in a head with someone obviously looking at his prick as he innocently held it while taking a leak. The handsome guy had come up along side of him at the urinal and had hauled out an unbelievably huge prick (at the time, it had seemed unbelievable to Dobie because it was all of ten inches long and he had only seen the cocks of his immediate boy friends in school and they were average young teen-agers with the average six or six and a half inches of dick, even when they were hard).

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Dobie was always top man in their crowd because he seemed to have all the extra inches that the other guys wanted–Dobie soaring out to nine and a half inches of steely prick at least four and five times a day. There was always someone around who wanted to jack off with him and even though it had never gotten around to oral sex, all of them seemed eager to jack him off, seemingly just to be able to handle the impressive brute!

Dick had softly, suggestively said, "That's a great looking tool for someone so young! How big is it, youngster? I mean, when it's hard?"

The question was so bold, Dobie found himself answering, "Nine and a half."

"You're not even sixteen yet, are you?"

"Nope–almost, though–fifteen."

"And you've got nine and a half inches of dick?"

"It was when I measured it this morning!" Dobie answered.

"Ever get it sucked?"

". . . Nope–I don't know any queers!"

"You don't have to be *queer to suck cock!"*

"That's what queers do, don't they?"

"Yeah–but that's all *they like to do–they won't have anything to do with girls."*

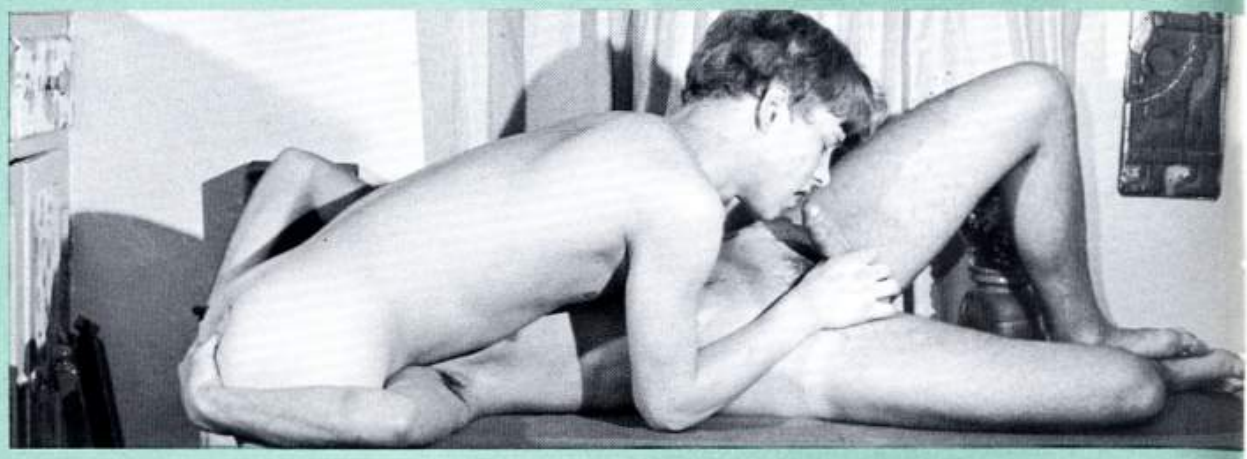
"Oh–but some guys go both ways?"

"Sure–haven't you ever thought about getting your cock sucked?"

A little embarrassed, but finding his cock jerking in answer to the titillating conversation, he murmured, "Yes", softly.

"Don't any of your boy friends ever want to swing on that lovely thing?"

"I don't know," Dobie mumbled, trying to hide his obviously erecting tool.



"I'll bet they have!" Dick said eagerly, "are any of your friends hung as well as you?"

"No—I guess I'm the biggest."

"Do you want to know what it feels like?"

"What what *feels like?"*

"Having your cock sucked."

"You mean that you . . ."

"Sure—if you want me to—and if you'll do it to me if you like it . . ."

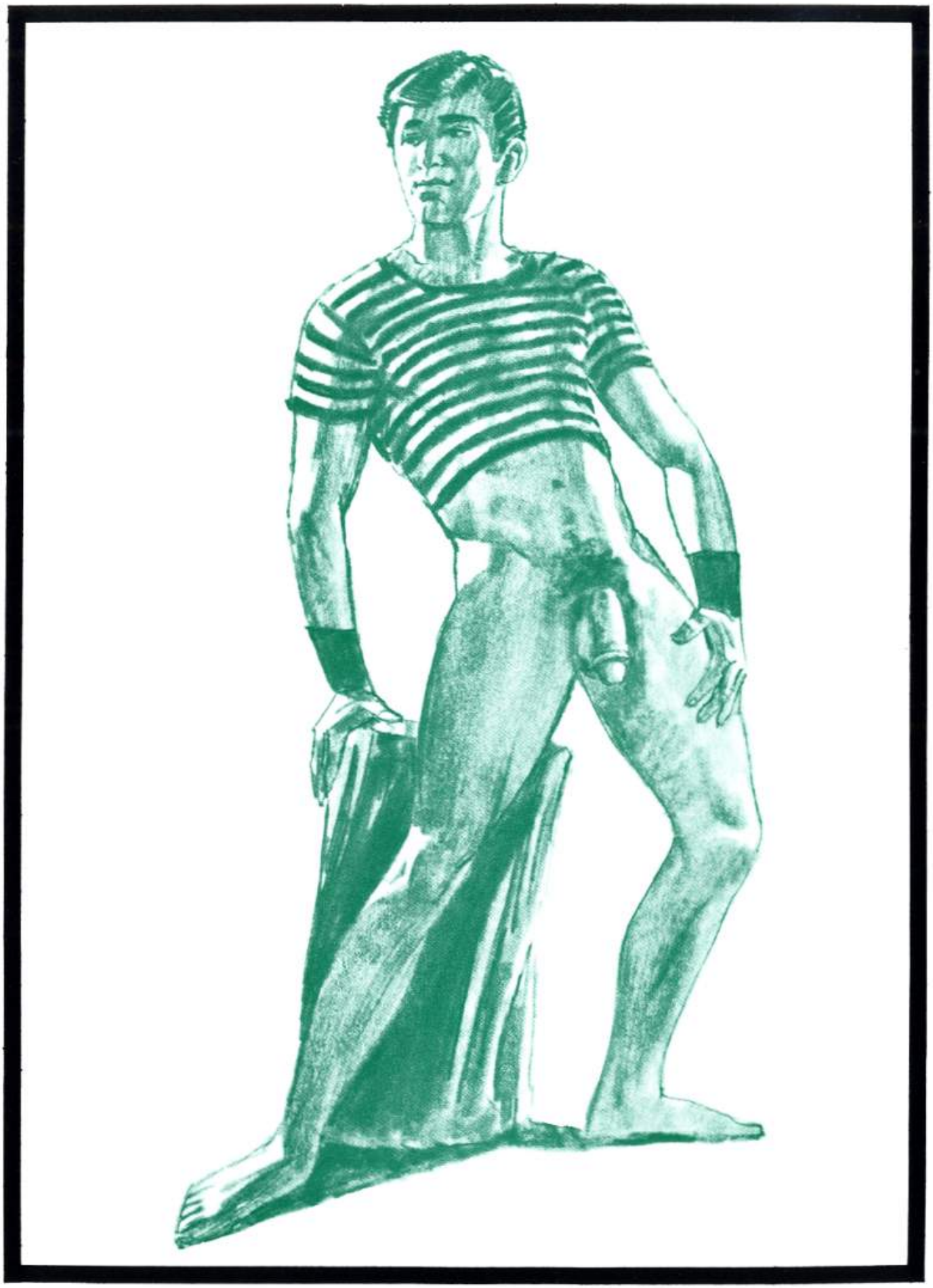
"Gee—I don't know . . ."

That's as far as he got as Dick sank to his knees and sucked in his now throbbing prick into his throat. Dobie groaned and almost collapsed as the liquid, fiery sensation thrilled him to the point of his knees buckling.

He was instantly, irrevocably dedicated to the oral arts in that one hysterical moment and his life of cocksucking began. He almost fainted with ecstasy as Dick sucked him to an impossibly unforgettable climax, hurling his virgin load far down past Dick's tonsils, into his esophagus and even farther.

When his hysterical gushings had dwindled off, Dick asked, "Are you ready to do me now?"

Dobie didn't answer, he just sank to his knees and with the brief knowledge he had attained with Dick's sucking him off, proceeded to do a pro job on him. He wasn't surprised at the taste of



the volatile semen when Dick erupted into his mouth—it tasted right and good to him and he pumped and sucked on Dick's monster to garner every pearlescent drop before releasing him.

"Was it alright, baby?" Dick asked huskily.

"Uh huh," Dobie answered, still swallowing and ascertaining if he liked it or not. He decided he did and that was that. He saw Dick time after time at the same head and fell wildly in love with him, but all Dick wanted from this youngster was the great sex and the beautiful prick he had to offer. Slowly, Dobie realized this and being a bright boy, transferred his emotions to some new friends he met while cruising heads which had become almost a full time career since that first day in the head with Dick.

In the next few years, Dobie had completely changed his circle of friends—most of them now being gay—and more than well hung—and with his youth, became one of the most sought for young males in town. He took to gay life as if he had been trained in male sex all of his life and accepted the homage and favors of many above-average fellows. He did *develop an affinity for the more "butch" types and was turned off by his "sisters" unless they*

happened to come up with a beautifully proportioned hunk of meat.

The cock really became more important to him than the fellow it was hanging on and he sometimes woke up in the morning completely ashamed of himself for his decision of the night before. Oh, well—he could always be sure that they had a huge dong—otherwise, he would never have taken them home in the first place!

His parents died shortly after that—his father first—then his mother—and he was left with a hefty piece of insurance, which, if correctly handled, would last him for the rest of his life. Finances being taken care of, he spent his time indulging himself in his sexual escapades—but recently, they seem to pall and he found himself wanting something a bit more permanent—but whom to choose? All of his friends were going with someone and the only guys, it seemed who were available, were the hustlers down on the Boulevard or frequenting the somewhat tacky bars on the sidestreets of Hollywood—on Yucca, Cahuenga, Las Palmas and some further down on Melrose and Santa Monica Boulevards.

His position might have been improved a little if he hadn't had it so easy in the money department. If he had had to get a job and work for his subsistence, he probably wouldn't have had so much time on his hands and might have met some more worth-while guys. As it was, he found himself paying this hustler and that one for their one-night-stand favors and it was not only expensive, it was highly unrewarding.

He tried to make jacking off do him for sex—realizing as everyone does—that after the shot spurts out of the tube, it doesn't really matter that much—until the next

time he got hot! And then it was as painful and important as before! Why couldn't humans regulate themselves to sex as they did to everything else? Once the old joint was in the boner stage, nothing else mattered! And he guessed that it was that way with everyone—or else, the hustlers would be long gone out of business!

When anyone was in their right mind, who would pay a sometimes obvious tramp twenty or twenty five dollars just to suck their joints? Usually huge, that's true—but if you weren't hot, who could care less? Dobie, that's who! And he spent a great deal of his insurance allotment each month for the favors, dubious though they may be, for entertaining the newest and most likely the biggest pricks for sale in town!

Dobie's mind went back to the happy, though hectic, days of his liaison with Dick Magee and remembered the marvelous afternoons of uninhibited sex when Dick taught him all he knew about fucking and sucking—and all those divine little things that make a gay guy's life so wonderful and complete.

Dick Magee—why hadn't he wanted to fall in love with him? Why had he only taken and not given? Dobie knew that right now, Dick would have probably given his eye teeth to be able to have him back in the same circumstances as he had him before. Dobie was at the right age now to make every stud in town sit up and take notice—and he had been spoiled—Dick Magee had done that to him.

He returned from his reverie and looked back down at his crotch which was burgeoning from

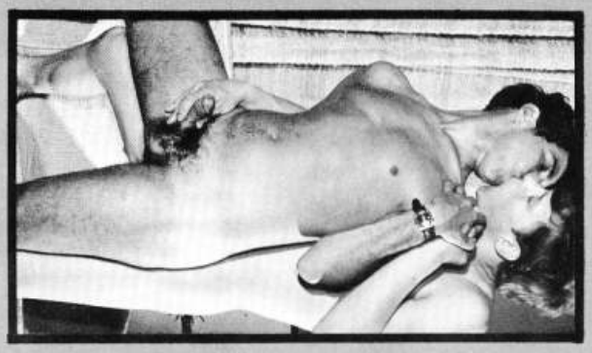
the remembered meetings with Dick. Oh, God! Could he use Dick right now! He would throw him down on the kitchen floor and suck the brains out of the pink slit on the tip of his gigantic crest! Oh—the rivers he had sucked out of that delicious channel in days gone by!

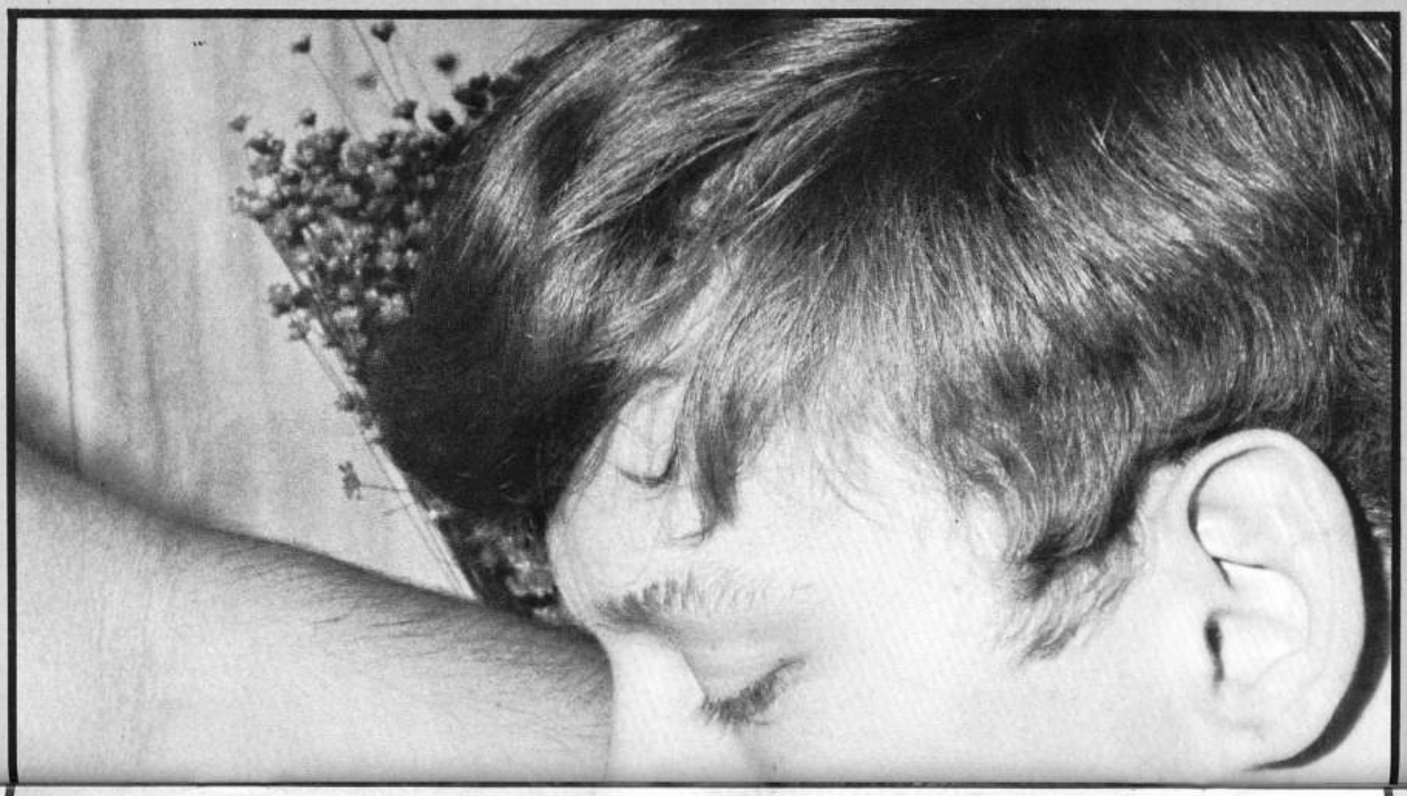
His spirits sank as he realized that he would never see Dick again. Dick had been drafted and had lost his life in Viet Nam amongst the slope-heads—his beautiful Dick who had finally tried to make something out of life with him. They had lived together for approximately three months before he had to leave on the troop ship for the Oriental country which was depriving so many American families of their beloved ones. He had received exactly ten letters from Dick before he was told about his demise—from a pungi stick—a bamboo stick which had been sharpened and dipped in human offal—one of the most deadly poisons of all—and had died of the slight scratch he had received.

Septicemia had set in after the scratch, not treated, had developed into the most deadly of infections and he had slipped away from the frantically trying medics who were treating him. Dobie had learned of Dick's death from his brother, Dirk, who had called him upon Dick's request.

After Dick had passed away, Dobie had indulged himself in a flurry of affairs, none of them worth while and had satiated himself on the physical part of sex—always leaving him wanting right after the act had been performed.

As the dulling continued, as it always does with humans, Dobie found himself to be a highly educated sensualist, an accomplished cocksucker, with only his own selfish libido to be





satisfied—and with his beauty, he was never at a lack for partners when a sexual liaison was to be desired—but Dobie missed the loving attitudes which Dick had supplied.

Dobie then turned to the places which afforded the most anonymity as far as sex was concerned. He discovered the glory holes around town—the couple of restaurants who didn't care if their toilets were used for furtive blow jobs and the far flung beach toilets up near Ventura County line which catered to the salesmen who sped to Los Angeles daily—stopping at these heads which afforded a fast, satisfying orgasm with a young, well trained cocksucker who was always waiting for the aware. Truck drivers, students, salesmen and surfers knew of the locations of these heads and used them for their daily release as some people

frequent a favorite restaurant—except here, the menu was a throbbing cock and nuts swollen to the point of explosion!

Dobie had run into a spell of bad luck and lost his driving license with a sequence of 502s and his beach cruising days were over until he was re-instated. He had taken to checking out the bus station on Vine and even though it wasn't too reliable, he could usually do someone if they slipped

BOOK REVIEWS

CHANGE PARTNERS by Duane Davis (RL 308)

This book deals with "swapping" in a different way. It is forced swinging, not the happy voluntary kind normally written about. A lecherous, Texas millionaire tries to change the habits of his employees through his very private and very special "swingers" club.

WOMEN & BOYS by Marvin Laurel (RL 309)

Mr. Laurel follows up his fascinating first effort, Tit for Tat with an incestuous novel that deals in pedophilia. A rich woman shares her stable of young studs with an old friend who only wants to use it to snare her stepson.

BARE & SHARE Duane Davis (RL 310)

Six bored, wealthy women conceive a surprise mate swapping club. Mark loves most of the extra-curricular activities but what will happen when his mother-in-law joins the group?

INCEST S&M by Wylie Stingler (ZB 209)

Naturally, as the title implies, the main theme is incest with strong emphasis on rape and S&M in this modern day Tobacco Road. Sadistic beatings by white-hating blacks is a part of this bristling tale.

HOUSE OF INCEST by Donald Denver (ZB 210)

This is an engaging tale of a young heiress and her fifty million dollars. Greedy, forgotten relatives devise a nefarious plot to gain control of the fortune. They have her committed to a private insane asylum, the plan being to **really** destroy her sanity by evil, dark, sexual perversions. You'll really go nuts over this one.

Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

BOOK REVIEWS

T TOWN TEASE by Rick Tulane (TC 208)

A new author in the Trojan stable produces a side of Tijuana which is usually only hinted at. Doug Ferris, a Hollywood Adonis, searches for excitement south of San Diego and gets much more than he bargains for when he is drugged and made the unwilling star of a sex circus along with a handsome Marine. A breathtaking whirl of events makes this novel a mind blower!

GEISHA BOY by Lance Rogers (TC 209)

Lance Rogers, Trojan's new super-dynamic author who brought you "Searchlight Insight" and "Leave the Driving To Us," has just bombarded us with a real thriller. "Geisha Boy" is a highly secret account of a crimson episode in the life of two boys, hustlers, who were kidnapped to serve on an island of lust and perversity. Auctioned off like cattle, their lives were not their own.

END ZONE by Rod Larson (TC 210)

In High School 69, Rod Larson, one of Gay Way's long list of authors, brings us the story of how a high school football hero with a homosexual leaning can start a conflagration . . . both good and bad . . . in his idolaters . . . the underclassmen . . . who always adore the star.

LITTLE BIG HORNY by Brian Powers (TC 211)

His Indian name was Shining Eagle, his Norsky lover's was Wounded Hawk. In this case, the Eagle and the Hawk were set free by his mother's people to fly earth's boundaries at will. Brad Powell, who gave you the exciting Shadow On The Sand by Gay Way, has come through with another winner.

HUMPIN' JUMPMASTER by Brad Powell (TC 212)

For any skydiving buffs, this novel is a "flighty" and "high"ly satisfying story of not only male/male love but man/man love. A sensitive, though masculine study of two of our "geronimo" guys and their love. A Gay Way bid for another best seller.

Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

under the partition on their knees far enough so that Dobie could reach their cocks and suck them off. This was more than a little bit exciting, but the hazards of such illegal type sex were a drain on the nerves.

He remembered one such episode expressly. He had been sitting in his booth for about forty five minutes—the booths on either side of him vacant. Then he had heard the intercom announcing the arrival of a bus from downtown Los Angeles. This always made him excited and apprehensive because it told of at least ten or twelve guys who would hit the head after getting off the bus.

There was a split between the door and the wall of his booth and he could see the back sides of the guys who used the urinals very well. If they wanted to play, it was a simple matter to turn sideways and show off what they had to offer. Then, a discreet scuffing of shoes or a strangled cough told them what booths to go into if they were in the mood for some playing around.

This particular day, Dobie watched as a gorgeous, young fellow marched up to the urinal and hauled his equipment out. Dobie watched carefully as the young stud pulled his foreskin back and forth across the swelling tautness of his burgeoning crown, the throbbing bulb, helmet-shaped, giving credence to the fact that he was able and ready for a quick, satisfying affair in the toilet. Dobie pushed a shoe outside of his booth and the guy saw it and took it for what it was supposed to mean—a blow if he went into the next booth.

He zipped up and sauntered to the door next to Dobie's. He dropped the dime in for admittance to the booth and entered, shutting the door.

Through a small hole drilled in the metal wall of the booth at the right height, Dobie watched the guy slowly pull down his pants, first to his mid-thigh, then push them on down around his ankles as he sat down.

His thighs splayed as widely as they could in the small booth and he started to massage his nuts. His long, fat, heavy cock, which was still at the dangling stage, began to take on new dimensions and it was soon jutting up at a forty five degree angle, pointing up past his bared navel to a distance of roughly ten inches, Dobie figured.

As he slowly pulled and squeezed his massive column, he looked at the hole, knowing that Dobie was watching him and licked his lips as a come-on, or at least to let Dobie know that he was all for the operation. Dobie spread himself out on the stool, his shoulders against the wall, his mid-section thrust upward and his legs stiffened down in front of him. His prick stretched jauntily toward the ceiling and he palmed his gigantic nuts plainly for the stud to see.

Dobie noticed a faint resemblance about the guy but didn't think too much about it in the heat of the clandestine affair taking place.

Dobie leaned close to the hole and whispered, "Do you want a solo or do you want my dick, too?"

"I want you, too!" the guy replied, jerking on his prick with more accentuation.

"Okay—slide under the wall on your knees and let me have you first!" Dobie murmured.

"Okay—but don't forget—I get you, too!"

"I wouldn't have it any other way!" Dobie vowed fervently.

The guy eased to his knees and slid slowly under the partition, his gorgeous prick soaring straight up and leaking crystal tears of lubricant from the deep pink slit which rode on the arrogant, taut, satiny surface of the rosy crown.

Dobie dove down on it and sucked it in voraciously, laving and nibbling with his tongue and teeth and telegraphing to the guy that this was exactly what he desired.

"Ooooooooooh," the stud moaned, "that's it, baby—that's got it! Now suck it! Eat me up! Suck that big dick, honey-oooooooh, you sweet cocksucker! Get it, baby—it's all yours!!

He exploded in Dobie's throat and Dobie moaned as the hot cream seared his tonsils, spraying the sides and top of his sheath as if an aerosol can had been unleashed in his throat. Dobie swallowed and swallowed the cascading spurts which seemed to go on forever.

When the young stud stopped fountaining, he weakly got to his feet and sat back down on his stool. Dobie peered anxiously

through the hole and waited for reciprocation. The stud did nothing but wipe the end of his dick off with toilet paper, then stood up, pulled up his pants and flushed the toilet.

Oh, well—he had had plenty of those experiences—the ones who were so hot and left him hanging on tenterhooks. Why weren't the great big, sensational pricks hung on guys who wanted a permanent arrangement? Some of them, he would have given his eye teeth for—but they always seemed to be in between romances—or had wives—or something the fuck else—but one of these days, he vowed, someone would come along and then there would be hell to pay! Why not? Dobie knew that he had plenty on the ball and why should he have to get stung all the time?

The doorbell rang and startled him out of his reminiscences for the moment. He opened the door and looked at the guy standing there. There was a dull remembrance in the back of his mind but he couldn't place it.

"Dobie—is that you?"

Dobie looked at the fellow uncomprehendingly and shook his head as if to clear it from a foggy memory. "Yes—my name is Dobie—how did you know?"

"Dobie—don't you recognize me? Dirk—Dirk Magee? The last time I saw you was in the bus station on Vine!"

Suddenly, Dobie remembered the bus station and the sensational trick who had turned him on so much that one day . . .

"Strangely enough, I'm your gas man and I guess you want something checked—and so do I!"

"Dirk? Dick's brother? Are you the same stud I met about a week ago? Did you know who I was then?"

"No, baby—I only knew that I

liked you! And you were my brother's lover?"

"If his name was Dick Magee, then I was it!"

"I'm the one who called you to tell you that Dick had been killed– don't you remember?"

"I do now–and you're his baby brother, Dirk!"

"Younger–but not baby!"

"I was so sorry to hear about Dick."

"I know you were, baby–but after remembering what I know about you, I think I'll become my brother's keeper–if you know what I mean!"

"I know what's under those shorts, baby–but I still want to strip them off real slow!"

"Be my guest–after all, it's in the family!

"All Dick could talk about was Dobie this and Dobie that . . ."

"He was a pretty sensational guy . . ."

"I know that–I had sex with him for the first years of my life–he's the one who taught me to jack off and–all those things!"

"Do you think that you and Dick have the same tastes?"

"I wouldn't be surprised at all–and come to think of it, I owe you something–one blow to be repaid immediately!"

"How do you stand on the Viet Nam draft?"

"I'm out of it, baby!"

"Then–I guess you can take up where your brother left off!"

"Pull it out, honey and let's get started–I've missed you since the bus station!"

"What were you doing on the bus that day anyway?"

"Maybe you won't believe it–but I was on my way to look you up and suddenly thought I would have a terrible time after I met such a fabulous kid in the bus station john!"

"Then here's to the three of us, baby–Dick's here with us now!

X 369
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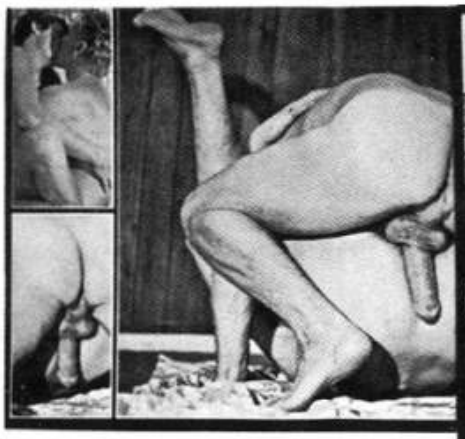

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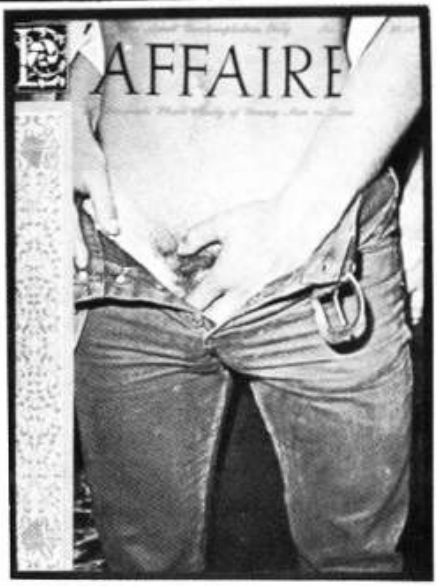

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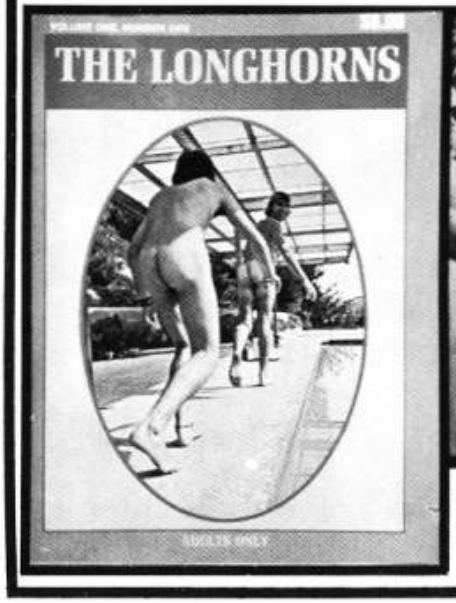

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